

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a Bridgroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tookt it in snuffe, and still he smilde and talkt,
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a slouely vnhand-some coarfe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
With many holyday and lady tearmes:
He questioned me: among the rest demanded,
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a Poppingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad,
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:
And telling me, the soweraignest thing on earth;
Was Parmacity for an inward bruse,
And that it was great pittie, so it was,
This villanous Saltpeter should be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyd
So cowardly: and but for these vile Guns,
He would haue been himselfe a Souldiour.
This bald vniointed chat of his (my Lord)
I answered indircetely (as I sayd)

And

And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accusation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord
What er'e *Harrie Piercie* then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May resonable die, and neuer rise,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnsway it now,

King. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with prouiso and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall ransom straight
His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who in my soule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight,
Against the great Magitian, damned *Glendower*,
Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
Hath lately married: shall our coffers then,
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason: and indent with feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him sterue,
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,
To ransom home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed woundes which valianly he tooke
When on the gentle *Seuerns* sieden banke
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of swift *Seuerns* flood
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

B 3.

Ran